

# THE TRAGEDIE OF Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

**N**ay, but this dotage of our Generals  
Ore-flows the measure: those his goodly eyes  
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,  
Have glow'd like plated Mars:  
Now bend, now turne  
The Office and Deuotion of their view  
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst  
The Buckles on his brest, reneages all temper,  
And is become the Bellows and the Fan  
To coole a Gypsies Lust.

Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the  
Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Looke where they come:  
Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd  
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see,  
Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.  
Ant. There's beggary in the loue that can be reckon'd  
Cleo. He set a bourn how farr to be belou'd.  
Ant. Then must thou needes finde out new Heauen,  
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.  
Ant. Grates me, the summe.

Cleo. Nay heare them Anthony.  
Fulvia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,  
If the scarse-bearded Caesar haue not sent  
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;  
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:  
Perform't, or else we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like:  
You must not stay heere longer, your dismission  
Is come from Caesar, therefore heare it Anthony.  
Where's Fulvia's Proceffe? (Caesar I would say) both?  
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,  
Thou blushest Anthony, and that blood of thine  
Is Caesars homager: else so thy cheekes payes shame,  
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds, The Messengers.  
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch  
Of the raign'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,  
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life  
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,  
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde  
One paine of punishment, the world to weete  
We stand vp Peerelesse.

Cleo. Excellent falshood:

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not loue her?  
He leeme the Foole I am not. Anthony will be himselfe.  
Ant. But stir'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,  
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;  
There's not a minute of our liues should stretch  
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?  
Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:

Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weepe: who euery passion fully striues  
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.  
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night  
Wee'l wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,  
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Train.

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd to flight?

Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not Anthony,  
He comes too short of that great Property  
Which still should go with Anthony.

Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approues the common  
Liar, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope  
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. Exeunt

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucilius,  
Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch,  
and Alexas.

Char. L. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,  
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the Soothsayer  
that you prais'd so to the Queene? Oh that I knewe this  
Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with  
Garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I  
can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banker quickly: Wine enough,  
Cleopatra

Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good sir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentiu.

Char. Hush.

Sooth. You shall be more belouing, then beloued.

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee  
be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow  
them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom Herode  
of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with  
Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my Mistris.

Sooth. You shall out-lie the Lady whom you serue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You haue feene and proued a fairer former for-  
tune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall haue no names:  
Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I haue.

Sooth. If euery of your wishes had a wombe, & fore-  
tell euery wish, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgie thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are priue to  
your wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall  
be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme prefaces Chastity, if nothing els.

Char. Ene as the o're-flowing Nylus preface th' Fa-  
mine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oyle Palme bee not a fruitfull Prog-  
nostication, I cannot scratch mine eare. Prythee tel her  
but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, giue me particulars.

Sooth. I haue said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better  
then I: where would you choose it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts Heauens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him  
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee,  
and let her dye too, and giue him a worse, and let worse  
follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to  
his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Isis heare me this  
Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight:  
good Isis I beseech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the  
people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome  
man loose, Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a  
foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere Isis keep de-  
corum, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a  
Cuckold, they would make themselues Whores, but  
they'd doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hush, heere comes Anthony.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine

A Romane thought hath strooke him.

Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's Alexas?

Alex. Heere at your seruice.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:

Go with vs.

Exeunt.

Messen. Fulvia thy Wife,

First came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother Lucius?

Messen. I: but soone that Waire had end,

And the times state

Made friends of them, ieoynting their force gainst Caesar,

Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,

Vpon the first encounter draue them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Messen. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concerns the Foole or Coward: On

Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,

Who tels me true, though in his Tale I see death,

I heare him as he flatter'd.

Messen. Labienus (this is stiffe-newes)

Hath with his Parthian Force

Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering

Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,

And to Ionia, whilst

Ant. Anthony thou would'st say.

Messen. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,

Mince not the generall tongue, name

Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:

Raile thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults

With such full License, as both Truth and Malice

Haue power to vter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,

When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs

Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.

Messen. At your Noble pleasure. Exit Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From Scicion how the newes? Speake there.

1. Messen. The man from Scicion,

Is there such an one?

2. Messen. He stayes vpon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:

These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,

Or loose my selfe in dorage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. Messen. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed she.

Messen. In Scicion, her length of sicknesse,

With what else more serious,

Importeth thee to know, this beares.

Ant. Forbear me

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:

What our contempes doth often hurle from vs,

x

We